there's nothing like

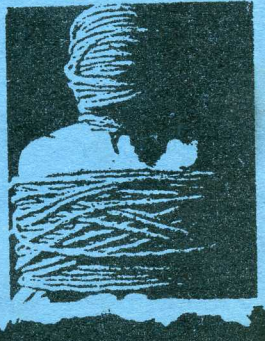
screaming aloud at

dead folk whilst

flies buzz around

and the onlookers

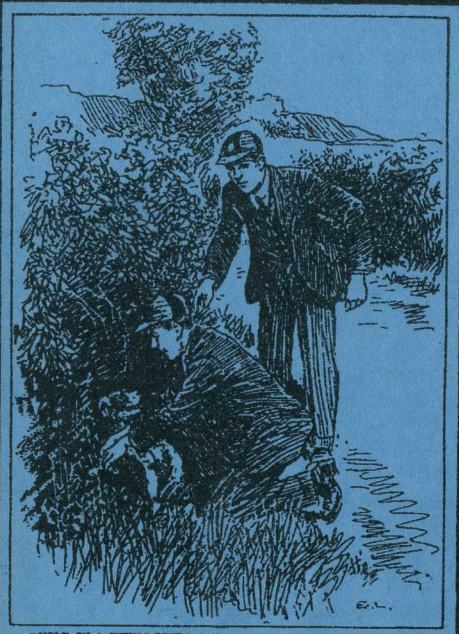
can only go



DUHHH

ISSUE ONE 30P/$1

THERE IS MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE - LIE LOW BEFORE SOMETHING BENDS YOUR BLINKERS!



"HOLD ON A JIFFY," PETER SAID, "WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU FREE"

I got to thinking after viewing one pretty sleazy film one evening that something definately was amiss, all those punkers yellin' in my ear, all that unbelievable behaviour inside the heads of various folks, and not to mention my confusion, something definately was amiss.

So "DUHHH" kinda kicks in where the "GRAVELHAND" left off and what the "DINGO" couldn't handle. "DUHHH" is an exclamation of how I partly react, it's my baby for my self expression, a foul taste for an on going event.

If you think you're smart enough to join our gang then send in your contributions for the next and future editions, anything considered.

THINGS WE DIG

VOIVOD AND THEIR FIRST 5 LP'S

SKI HATS

UNSANE'S POINT OF VIEW

THE NEW DRACULA FLICK

GOOD GOSSIP

GERMAN FALLAFELS

DUTY FREE TOBACCO

MAN IS

ANYTHING THAT'S FREE

THE BASTARD

HOMEBREW ORANGE WINE

THINGS WE DON'T

FISH SHIT

HOLES IN THE GROUND

LOSERS IN BAD SUITS

TELEPHONES

JUGGLERS

MONOTONOUS COACH JOURNEYS

CHUMBAWAMBA NOW

CLEARING UP SICK

NO RIZLA'S AT 2AM

ANYONE UNDER 14

GET A ROPE

CHARRED REMAINS
A.K.A.
MAN IS THE BASTARD

PAST EXPEDITIONS

DINGO BABY *1 - SPRING 1989
(ALL GONE)
DINGO BABY *2 - SUMMER 1989
(FEW REMAIN FOR SAE/$1PPD)
DINGO BABY *3 - AUTUMN 1989
(FEW REMAIN FOR SAE/$1PPD)
GRAVELHAND - SUMMER 1990
(ALL GONE)
DINGO BABY *4 - WINTER 1991/92
(ALL GONE)
DINGO BABY *5 - SPRING 1992
(ALL GONE)
DINGO BABY *6 - SUMMER 1992
(ALL GONE)
DINGO BABY *7 - WINTER 1992
(FEW REMAIN FOR 20P&SAE/$1PPD)

This issue was not capable without lots of people throughout it's making, whether in a positive mode or displaying stupid negative tendencies.
Dedicated to the Leeds & Middlesbrough freedom fighters, the Horowitz from Minnesota and the scouse raver.
Thanks to Peel and his WP.

"DUHHH" comes to you courtesy of:
ANTHONY P.
P.O. BOX 23
MIDDLESBROUGH
CLEVELAND
TS1 4YZ
ENGLAND (UK)

HEAR: UNSANE, CONSOLIDATED, FRANK SINATRA.
READ: BUGS & DRUGS, DREGS, ROPEY OLD JAZZ MAGS.

OUT & ABOUT IN '92

APOLOGIES TO ABERDEEN, LEICESTER, SWITZERLAND, HOLLAND AND BELGIUM AMONGST OTHERS FOR NOT RECIEVING A MENTION. HERE'S A SELECTION OF STORIES FROM MY TRAVEL JOURNAL OF 1992.

JANUARY-GLASGOW

I've got just one thing to say: 'EXPLOSIONS' and it was a fucking loud one at that! Our place to crash for the night after the evenings heavy proceedings probably didn't anticipate our bunch, I guess neither did the CID the following morning who kicked us out of bed.
An interesting start to our Scottish domination, not to mention SHOCKER and CODEYE's thorough investigation of the blatant on show nude magazines.

FEBRUARY-MARGATE

Take one pathetic life form, add a sprinkling of punk rock attitude, sauté a collection of big scary weapons and bake in warm covern with stimulants until well done.
Mr Andy **** had a bag of bad vibes on him and we drove 250+ miles to discover it. 250+ fucking miles to be told what's right and what's wrong.
Margate is another hole that should slide into the channel together with Mr Andy **** and his collection of shocking possessions.
Another 250+ miles later, 5 individuals with poop in their pants vow never to talk to strangers again.

MARCH-FLORENCE

Super duper shower attachments! Our hostelry boasted big heaters so we roasted our chestnuts as the gang harrassed passing Italians-on scoooters.
A big blow out with my partner in crime results in both of us going seperate ways, but even though I'm prepared with my map of the surroundings it's very dark and the streetlights must have been running on 2 watt bulbs. Passing a kop I have to do the honest thing, so i stroke his semi automatic weapon and he guides me home safe and sound-hurrah!
Life's one big party so 3 bottles of cheap vino later I awake feeling ill and wanting my mom.
"Big" Dave is here, that was our new name for MICHELANGELO's Statue of David and his big thing in the square. An even bigger church/cathedral is here too, so huge it could house most of London's homeless. But the "Gallerie d'Uffizi" museum, that's the best slice of renaissance art I've yet to see. Splendid stuff at only 10.000L a ticket.

JULY-MIDDLESBROUGH

There's nothing so quintessentially uplifting as another re-location, filling bags for the trash, pulling Blu-Tac off the walls, then smoking a tab and viewing the damage.
Our man of action with the wheels arrives on time and the gear is stashed. Our man with the bond money also arrives and tell's weak jokes-a loser man who can keep his net curtains. Our man of misery locks himself in his room, no doubt planning further masquerades-he's an even bigger loser.
All aboard time, down the A19 like refugees escaping monsters.

SEPTEMBER-HANOVER

Hanover is the kind of place you've got to visit, particulary on an early Saturday night-a real bad experience gone wrong. Someone must have dropped the Neutron Bomb when we arrived in town because the streets sure were desolate, not to mention secretly covering our eyes with grey lensed spectacles-this mutha was spooky!
Our driver had to pull up outside a severely humourless shop parading un-glorious items of ol' Blighty: Union Jacks, Bulldogs and big beautiful bootboy footwear, lordy o' mordy!, even those mannequins looked the real m'coy! With only half a packet of menthol tabs to calm our nerves we hid under the cushions awaiting signs of life.
6 hours, 3 crates of BECKS beer, a huge bowl of chili each, BIG BEANS the brooding band in drag and a poor response to our entertainment later, we skip town clutching our payment talking of nothing but guitar pedals and the Pied Piper of Hamlin.

SEPTEMBER-CALAIS

A right big downer as the big tour draws to an end, as we scrape our drugged and fucked up asses back home. There's just one more incident though-FRENCH CUSTOM KOPS! It was inevitable really, so we're harrassed out of the van and marched into their un-swinging office. Pockets out, arms checked for needle use (!?) and all manner of alarming questions are asked. The big laff comes from us though, we ditched our trinkets, they're left empty handed and ourselves with an upside down van.
2 hours later the white cliffs are back and Ashley is still in shock.

OCTOBER-BLACKPOOL

A bunch of bored housewives and office secretaries sat behind me for 3 and a half hours cavorting stories of humping the locals and drinking until they were sick. I had to laugh because they were out for a GOOD TIME!
The Eiffel Tower wannabe loomed up in sight which initiated the banshee like bawl from all the fucking kids. All I could think about was finding the little boys room in the station, bundles of candy floss and 'Kiss Me Quick' hats had become irrelevent at least three quarters of an hour previous.
Saturday night offered drink, hair stroking, students and 3 notes admission to a longhair club. Sunday's afternoon happenings caved in when a man with big snake approached us on the prom' and my friend ran off! (Noahs Ark is still at the Pleasure Beach by the way).
Fuck my luck it's Monday morning and time to return to that bleak blot of a station.
I'm left with the housewives and secretaries once again, slightly less rowdy all smug and contented.
Blackpool rock-25 sticks for a quid!

DECEMBER(31st)-LEEDS

A man in a bad suit punched out and slightly altered our route on the booze crawl. Typical end o' year happenings in places I hadn't been in for a long time.
One sore head and empty pockets later 1992 has gone.

LATE REVIEWS

THE OFFSPRING
Ignition LP
A sugar coated marriage of convenience; Californian melodicore with hunky dorey hooks and I should cocoa lyrics. Definate early TSOL sound.
Better than a bad back and definately better than no hoist in yr homebrew.
(EPITAPH)

EXTINCTION OF MANKIND
No Remorse DEMO

SCARY VAN

5 track no soap n' water affair that's crusty like a big french stick! Back to the "good old days" (?) UK anarchist punk rock with crunch and a bonus live side.
£1/SAE: 182a STANLEY GROVE, GORTON, MANCHESTER

DARK DIAMONDS

ANDREW

TRIVIA FACT
ANDY C was asked whilst at a RHYTHM PIGS concert in 1987 whether he was the missing Fifth Musketeer.

NAME
Andrew James Cocker, also known as Andy C
AGE
At the time of typing this (18.11.92) I have existed for 27 years and 67 days.
MARITAL STATUS
Single
EYE COLOUR
Blue
HAIRSTYLE
Long
FAVOURITE PASTIME
Drawing
MOST PERSONAL POSSESSION
9 Faber Castell TG1.S technical drawing pens

DO YOU PREFER CHUMBAWAMBA OR VEGAN REICH ?
Musically speaking I would have to say CHUMBAWAMBA, I do own their first 4 LPs and some of their EPs but I haven't bought or heard any of their recent recordings. I did see them live twice this year when SHUDDER TO THINK played with them and I thought they were becoming very dance influenced in musical style, but I still enjoyed them. I have never heard anything by VEGAN REICH so I cannot comment on their music. As people, the only person I have ever spoken to from either band is Dunst from CHUMBAWAMBA, he printed DARK DIAMONDS *2 for me and my first impressions were that he seemed a sound enough bloke. From an idealogical point of view I would have to say CHUMBAWAMBA, although I don not agree with everything they say or write. I know and have read very little about VEGAN REICH and the so called Hardline movement that they stand for. The stuff I have read has come across as very narrowminded, bigotted, and intolerant. I believe they are strongly against abortion and homosexuality and are militantly straight edge which seems to me to be 3 very poor ideas to try and build a movement around. Having an abortion is a very personal decision, as is being attracted to someone of the same sex, and whether you choose to drink alcohol, smoke tobacco or take other drugs. I admire people who are vegan but forcing your opinions down other people's throats is not going to get support. They are undoubtedly extremists and if I was being cynical I would say they are using the pro-ecology/animal rights/hardcore movement merely as a way in which to promote their own misguided views, because that's the kind of thing extremists do, they will use anything that has popular support to push their own ideas. You could argue that CHUMBAWAMBA have/had some fairly extreme views, I think they difference is they have realised that there are different and better ways to get your views across as they have developed as people and as a band, whereas VEGAN REICH just haven't got a clue. Some people may choose to disregard both bands and their ideas, the answer is to make up your own mind, don't put bands on pedestals, don't blindly accept anything they or anyone else says-don't join anything follow or be led without first thinking about it and always look at all sides of the argument.

SO YOU HAVE FAITH ENOUGH IN HUMANITY TO FALL IN LOVE AND ENTER INTO A RELATIONSHIP?
Entering/beginning a relationship was an entirely personal decision involving noone but myself and Ann. I did not consider the rest of humanity or whether I had faith in it or not, we did it because we wanted to. I did not go out purposely looking to get involved in a relationship, it happened and I'm glad that it did Do I have faith in humanity?

"SINCE THE DAWN OF HUMANKIND A HANDFUL OF OPPRESSORS HAVE ACCEPTED THE RESPONSIBILITY OVER OUR LIVES THAT WE SHOULD HAVE ACCEPTED FOR OURSELVES.
BY DOING SO THEY TOOK OUR POWER, BY DOING NOTHING WE GAVE IT AWAY."

THE FUTURE MUST BE OURS

Ultimately yes I do. As a collective entity I still believe it has the ability to drag itself out of the mess that it's in. On an individual level, whilst there are people who in retrospect should never have been allowed to crawl out of the womb, there are still enough good people to make life worthing living and fighting for. Without faith in humanity I believe that individuals can become cynical, selfish, negative, isolated and self destructive. That's up to them, they should stay out of the way of people trying to create something positive out of their lives. Nihilism is attractive- "life's shit and then you die".
I think you've just got to keep on trying no matter how disillusioned you become or how much bad luck you have.

WHAT MEDICAL OPERATION DO YOU THINK YOU WOULD MOST BENEFIT FROM?
I cannot think of any medical operation that I need or want right now. I did once consider the idea of having myself frozen cryogenically so that I could see what life would be like in a few centuries time, however having read into it it seems that it would be a waste of time and money. People can only be frozen (by law) after their death, and the process of dying destroys many cells of the brain. Scientific evidence seems to suggest fairly conclusively that the dead cells cannot be regenerated, so even if people were successfully revived they would probably be severly brain damaged. Also I'd probably never be able to afford it.
I can think of several more useful things to do with the amount of money it costs.

WHY DO YOU THINK MEN (IN PARTICULAR) FANTASIZE ABOUT WOMEN IN UNIFORMS, HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN UNDER THIS SPELL?
I've no idea, it's something I

have never thought about, and I've never fantasized about women in uniforms. Without wanting to get into anything resembling Freudian or traditional psychoanylitical theory (which I do not have a great deal of belief in) I can only offer the reason that it may have something to do with authority and domination within sex. Uniforms are seen as a symbol of power and authority, and perhaps some men like to be dominated by women in a fantasy role/sex situation. Then they can go back to being or seeing themselves as dominant in real life, and nothing has changed. However, I also remember hearing that some women are also attracted to men in uniforms, maybe this is in a different way or maybe it's just a man made lie, who knows?

WHAT IS THE MOST MEMORABLE/AMAZING/FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE YOU'VE EVER HAD, ANY REGRETS OR WOULD YOU LIKE IT REPEATED?

I cannot honestly think of anything off the top of my head. I am not subject to great outbursts of amazement or fear. This may make me sound boring, but really I cannot think of anything worth relating that would sound memorable or worth and I'm not about to make something up just for interesting reading. I am not the kind of person who goes out and does exciting things. I prefer to just drift along quietly doing what I want to do, I've always lived my life like that and it suits me fine.

WHY DO YOU PRODUCE A ZINE? (PLEASE REFRAIN FROM USING THE EXCUSES - I WAS BORED OR I WANTED TO BE MORE INVOLVED IN THE "SCENE").

I produce zines because I've got something to say, I want other people to read what I have to say and self publications is the best way I can think of to present it.

I need an outlet for my creativity, one that gives me total control over what I write and publish. I need to show other people how I spend my time, I like to show them what I can do and I like having my work praised and appreciated. But even if noone like my art or writing I would still do it, because it's important to me. I am totally committed and I believe 100% in what I'm doing. I want to draw, write and publish for the rest of my life, I don't care if I'm never famous or wealthy I just like doing what I do.

IF YOU HAD "VISION" WHAT SITUATION WOULD SCARE THE FUCK OUT OF YOU?

Seeing the way in which I am to die and knowing that there is nothing I could ever do to prevent it.

ARE YOU SCARED (WHY WORK, LIVE WITH SOMEONE, STAY IN THE NORTH) OR JUST PLUM CRAZY?

Both, and because I want to. West Yorkshire is no better or worse than many other areas in which to live in, and we travel around a lot to other towns and cities. I have really begun to appreciate travelling and have taken up hitch hiking with more enthusiasm than I thought I would. It's good to get a change of scenery although a lot of cities have begun to look very much the same as each other recently. I'm just making the best of and enjoying life, just the same as I would if I lived anywhere else.

CHRISTIAN DEATH SPLIT UP, HOW DO YOU COPE UPON HEARING THIS. IF PUNK ROCK NEVER EXISTED WHO WOULD ANDREW COCKER BE, AND WHY?

Actually CHRISTIAN DEATH haven't broken up (it was hypothetical - ED), in fact there are now 2 different bands both calling themselves CHRISTIAN DEATH, one stays in the US recording new and bizarre versions of their early material and the other has just completed a UK/EUROPEAN tour. However if they had split up I wouldn't be seriously affected by it in any way, because they would still have left behind a wealth of original recordings as a legacy of their talent; and also they are only a band after all, and as much as I like their music (and that of many other bands) I have never been that kind of person who lives their lives around the actions of their favourite band. I have never and never will idolise a group of musicians, and I will never become an over zealous fan. Music plays a huge part in my enjoyment of life and I love a lot of bands music, but I always remember that behind the instruments they are just ordinary people. If punk rock taught people anything it should be never to have heroes. If punk rock had never existed I would be a totally different person, I would not know you, I wouldn't be sat here typing this. I would probably not be drawing or writing zines, because punk rock was my original inspiration for doing so.

IS ANDREW COCKER YOUR REAL NAME? WHO ARE YOU?

Yes it is. Who am I? Difficult to say or to give a correct answer, if there is one. I am a 27 year old white male living in late 20th Century England, beyond that I cannot say. As for what I am and what I do, please refer to the above questions.

GIVEN A CHOICE
YOU WOULD HAVE SEX WITH WHO?
YOU WOULD HATE WHO?
YOU WOULD RESPECT WHO?
YOU ARE JEALOUS OF WHO?

If I wasn't in a relationship I would have sex with any women who wanted to have sex with me and that I in return wanted to have sex with.

I hate people who hate anything or anyone that differs from their own views of normality, be it in the way they look, dress or live. People who make money off others work whilst paying them a pittance in return. People who in the form of governments exploit, oppress and make ridiculous laws; and the judges and police who uphold them. Criminals who threaten, rob and murder innocent ordinary people for their own gain. All racists, rapists, child molesters and homophobics. Rich people who don't do anything with their land or money they claim is theirs except waste it on extravagant lifestyles and consumer junk. People who believe wrongly that they are superior to others because of where they were born, how they talk, what education they have had and what kind of lifestyle they lead. People who inflict suffering on other species, people who pollute and destroy the enviroment. Religions, fundementalists and extremists, no matter what they believe in. People who betray friendships and trusts.

People who devote their lives to caring for others, people who fight to protect the enviroment, people who work to relieve famine, poverty and suffering.

I don't believe that I am jealous of anyone.

ANDY C produces 2 publications, **"DARK DIAMONDS"** and **"A RIOT OF EMOTIONS"**, both can be obtained by sending £1 and 50p for the most recent issue's. Both are very recommended and fuse serious articles, poetry, graphics, prose, reviews and information.
ANDY C - 1 ST JOHNS VIEW, BOSTON SPA, WETHERBY, WEST YORKSHIRE, UK

LATE REVIEWS

TWO SEVENS *4
Big slick mag from the big smoke. CHUMBAWAMBA, politico articles, reviews a go-go, prose and nude miners.
£1/SAE: 30 WYNTER ST, LONDON, SW11 2TZ

BAG OF TRICKS & CANDYSTICKS *2
Back again and good with it. SILVERFISH, THE MONOCHROME SET, 2nd hand vinyl buying, reviews, banter, humour and assorted wierd and bizarre bunkum!
60p/SAE: 12 WOODGATES CLOSE, NTH FERRIBY, HUMBERSIDE, HU14 3JS.

MUSIC

APOCALYPSE/MINDROT
Split 7"
Someone shut the gates, the beasts are escaping! Whoops....too late.
Years later and our escapees have bided their time and decided to form seriously miserable heavy bands. MINDROT just get better, this is death and crust at it's best. APOCALYPSE capture their near utopian sound in the studio, add spark with dual gender vocals and a touch more adrenalin. On splattered violet vinyl to boot.
(TEMPEST)

APOSTATES
Self titled 7"
I'm a year late reviewing this, they're 10 years too late recording it. Self styled deliberate depression time a la early 80's UK anarcho.
(VINYL COMMUNICATIONS)

BRUTAL TRUTH
Self titled 7"
More long hairs gone persil clean with that extra dippy dee doo dah. Affirmative slogan and stance knocking things that ain't right. Not exactly the stuff to lock young children away from, but as grind goes, it grinds.
(A BOOTLEG)

CONSOLIDATED
Play More Music LP
No matter how much I both like and admire this threesome, I have to wonder how anyone can be so right on? This their 3rd long player continues in similar fashion with more audience participation which just goes to prove there's still a lot of fools out there. Heavy political rap, persil clean and squeaky.
(IRS)

CRIMPSHINE
Duct Tape Soup LP
If it ain't the biscuit tin drums, floppy bass, squeaky geetar and gravelly vox it sure ain't the CRIMP's. This, like a long lost recollection it returns to haunt. May your winter nights echo to the sound of this right smart record.
(LOOKOUT)

HATED
Hate Yourself Free DEMO
Too much rocking and rolling can damage your brain, too much HATED will probably get you committed. HATED, aren't easy listening. HATED make up for lack of production with energy. HATED use their expression of HATE to inform us "why?". Flip over and the lengthy tribalistic, industro sonic blast of dirge is life itself. Hear this tape!
($3ppd: FRITZE, PO BOX 426, 8026 ZURICH, SWITZERLAND)

EMBITTERED
Cleveland anarcho crusty punk core!

HIATUS/EMBITTERED
Split 7"
These Belgian dudes toke mean, if you were to place bets they'd punch E.N.T. to fuck.
Everyone knows us Blightys live in cloud cuckoo land. Tofucore with an extra slice o' garnish.
(DESPERATE ATTEMPT)

HELMET
Meantime LP
I flew these guys in especially to perform, but unfortunately they stopped off at Tim's place in Leicester first so I had to settle for a boot. If there was ever music to drink too then this is surely it. HELMET aren't like gods but you should fall and bow to their existence.
(AMP REP)

ICE CUBE
THE PREDATOR

ICE CUBE
Predator LP
That big mean black mutha is here again, slice o' life, funky samples, rap a ta tat. Not the most amazing experience, freedom of unity obviously only extends to blacks if you're male.
(PRIORITY)

IRONSIDE
Neutered Innocence CASSINGLE
If boys and girls wanna get down for some serious pokey pokey action it's entirely their choice. Boys, I suggest you go home and sort your lives out.
(SURE HAND)

XXX.

LIZGIZZAD
Faith Hope & Poverty 12"
Screaming hallucinations on a psychedelic down turn KILLDOZER meets mutation wah wah pedal.
One sided white vinyl with no lyrics.
(WORDS OF WARNING)

LIZGIZZAD

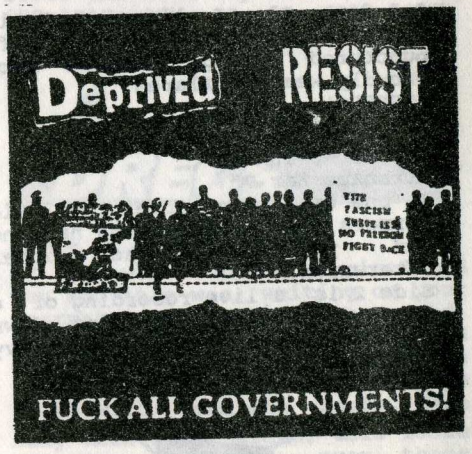
MINISTRY
Psalm 69 LP
It ain't rock n' roll and it ain't as good as those before. Too bad.
(WARNER BROTHERS)

MORAL SUCKLING
Reach LP
Very much an improvement on their debut 7", MORAL SUCKLING have attained a higher sense of being with their PENI esque slant. Not exactly ground breakingly superb but not exactly the bad cheese either.
(PROFANE EXISTENCE)

NINE INCH NAILS
Broken M/LP
This is what MINISTRY wish they were doing now. Comes with a freebie 7" that includes classic caustic ANTZ covers.
(INTERSCOPE)

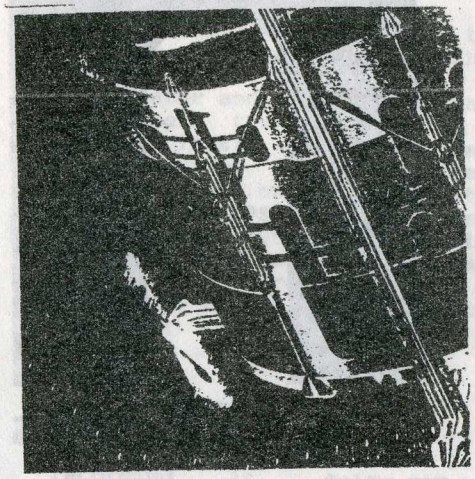
nine inch nails

ONE BY ONE
Fight 7"
Don't make stupid assumptions that all 6 track shorts play at 33rpm because this one doesn't. That was my first mistake, adding an extra dozen revolutions served up swirling political thrash. Yes, these boys and girls are a touch fucked off. Lyrically uncompromising, and Karin's voice is scary.
(FLAT EARTH/NABATE)



RESIST/DEPRIVED
Fuck All Governments 7"
Another slice of anarcho action, the former rattle, thud and blaze

through 2 toons and a Tap cover. The latter rattle, thud and plod. Nice packaging, nice idea, nice.
(PROFANE EXISTENCE)



THE SHAMEN
Boss Drum LP

This recieved rather good applause on bonfire night but that wasn't suprising. Tribalistic rhythms, all those hits and near misses. Makes your head bubble if on draw
(ONE LITTLE INDIAN)

SLEEP
Volume One LP
So damn slow I listened to it backwards, so damn heavy my hifi punctured a lung, so damn nice proudly wearing flares.
(TUPELO)

SORE THROAT
Abrahams Ear 7"
In one ear and out the other? Pig farmers form seriously ha ha band and yell at each other afterwards.
Side 2 is a live recording of a brummie housewife falling down the stairs whilst carrying heavy machinary.
(ECOCENTRIC)

AURAL BUTCHERY

SURGERY
Little Debbie 7"
3 of the darndest of tracks that might just loosen yr tie and get yr toes a tappin'. More meat than John Holmes gone triplet, and if that ain't just the bees bollocks.
From that label over there in yankee spondulee land, a loud, noisy nasty piece o' work.
(AM REP)

THROWING MUSES
The Curse CD
Those blowbacks at 4AD ruined everything. I hope your shit stinks and never flushes.
(4AD)

UNSANE
Self titled LP
A monster let loose, a crazy motherfucking platter that'll invade your very soul, take it out to lunch and then give it a damn good kicking! Beasts like this sucker should be accompanied with a health warning and asbestos ear muffs.
(CITY SLANG)

W.O.R.M.
My ol' man's a mushroom DEMO
Die bastard DEMO
Difficult to catagorize or file into my personal daily routine, the music has plenty of melody but fails to move in any deliberate fashion, and that's what holds these back real bad. It just ain't catchy enough.
Lyrics are assumingly taken from a personal perspective, and vaguely negative with it.
Room for improvement
(£1.50ppd: DANNY, 11 ALICE WAY, UNSTONE GREEN, SHEFFIELD, S18 5DN)

Die Bastard!

V/A: CONSOLIDATION
Compilation 7"
NAILBOMB have to come top, no doubt about it if only for the six string break at the finish.
6 other posi bands playing 6 more posi toons. I'll give it 7 out of 10 for committed effort on behalf of Richard who released it.
(ARMED WITH ANGER)

V/A: DISCHARGED
Compilation 7"
NAUSEA plunder 3 cuts and blow like fuck! FINAL CONFLICT are unmerciless in their onslaught. NEUROSIS clunker a touch. 411 fucking rage mean, hot shit indeed. Oh E.N.T. - pssttbbb!
(ALLIED)

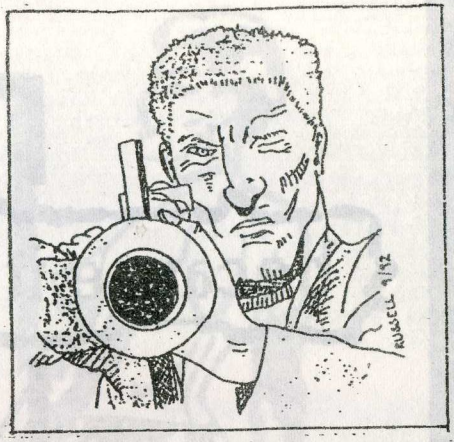
V/A: REGRESS NO WAY
Compilation 7"
NATIONS ON FIRE play positive powerful straight edge, so did SPIRIT OF YOUTH, not suprisingly BLINDFOLD TOO, and well yes SHORTSIGHT they also.
I needed some drugs after listening to this.
(WAREHOUSE)

ZINE

ALL THE RAGE *1
Despite Trevor's acute narrowminded behaviour and all round ability to pre-judge anything and everything his new publication is informative and interesting to view. The humour mixes well with the more serious issue's raised, space for reviews and the centre pages tabloid piss take. Not ground breaking but very "Northern".
(25p&SAE: 57 BRIARDENE, BURNOPFIELD, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, NE16 6LJ, UK)

BUGS AND DRUGS *1
Booze, bestiality and the bretheren flocked forward to see what new wonderous things Beano and Bear had brought, and oh yes we praised. This is sex, drugs and rock n' roll in an A5 format and make no mistake. If you think having a ham shank every Saturday morning is more fun - more fool you! The muties are back.
(50p&SAE: PO BOX BS99-960, BRISTOL, AVON, BS3 1DD, UK)

CHARRED REMAINS *3
This just goes to prove what a weekend away on the continent can do, once full of scary urchins with long hair this rag now coasts along at a nice steady pace with MALEDICTION, BORN AGAINST, EMBITTERED, BURIAL and POLITICAL ASYLUM. Shagging in Belgium, big wheeze on anarchy and plenty more un-disco happenings. Loses points for Ramsey Kettlehead and the editor having dreadlocks.
(30p&SAE: PO BOX 43, HULL, HU1 1AA, UK)



CLOWNS KILLING PEOPLE *3
More reviews than you can shake a stick at, a bundle of stories, articles, graphics and intriguing banter. Not as mean as I would have expected so I guess the boys are becoming mellower in their old age. A SECRET DEVIL publication with glossy 2 colour cover and neat layout.
(50p&SAE: BOX 32, 52 CALL LANE, LEEDS, LS1 6DT, UK)

DREGS

DREGS *6 HATE SPECIAL
If you woke up one typical bad day and this was waiting on your doormat, you might just be saved. If you woke up one typical bad day and the postie's were on strike you might just aswell go swim with concrete boots. More sexy than ever before, this issue by far succeeds over those previous. This issue asks folk who or what they hate, folk write stories and articles about hate,

PLEASURE PAIN DOMINANCE
WHO'S IN CONTROL?

it's all here, lots of groovy negative vibe. On the music front, there's ROLLINS, THERAPY?, L7, and more. Just brilliant.
(£1&SAE: PO BOX 110, LIVERPOOL, L69 8DP, UK)

FLIPSIDE *81
Thought I'd check this slicker than baby gravy mag out before it disappeared forever into oblivion. But wait! This is dandy, and I've been proven wrong. Unlike it's contemporary allie, the big MRR, this doesn't boast blinkers and clinkers. All round good reading with GAS HUFFER, MINISTRY, da PENI, MUDHONEY, SOUL ASYLUM and more. Usual reviews, letters, poetry, classifieds, scene reports, and articles. This is like it should be so I say read it.
($30 for 1 year 6 issue sub: PO BOX 60790, PASADENA, CA 91116, USA)

PROFANE

PROFANE EXISTENCE *17
What P.E. lacks is for sure made up in other areas. What it does lack is some degree of

EXISTENCE

lightweight prose to balance with the real 100lb sledgehammer writing it displays. This particular issue features plenty of serious topics it has been accustomed with and no fashion tips from Felix (boo!!).
None the less essential for all would be angry dudes and P.C. merchants.
(90ppd: ACTIVE DISTRIBUTION, BM ACTIVE, LONDON, WC1N 3XX)

VOMITBLOOD *3
Hardly suprising coming from the same location as mass revolution and stinky fat punk rock comes this "Smelly Anarchist" issue. VOMITBLOOD is for punks (so I guess that rules out 99% of the population remaining). VOMITBLOOD covers such topics as the enviroment, patriachy, kops, alcohol and anarchy (of course). Written from a personal viewpoint rather than heavy handed dogma.
($1ppd: PO BOX 65072, ST PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55165-0072, USA)

MOST OF THE ZINES REVIEWED CAN BE BOUGHT FROM "FOR WANT OF" SO WRITE THERE + SAVE TIME/CASH

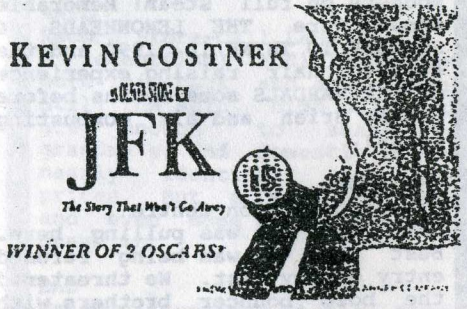
VIDEO

CAPE FEAR
My vote goes for Bob everytime, but if he hadn't played his part in this I'd have probably strolled right on by.
Our Bob the con gets released from the clink and seeks a touch of the ol' revenge on the bastard lawyer that put him there in the first place.
Pretty dull unfortunately.

DER TODESKING
We got to the third day and the tape ran out, but as stories go this is it: 7 days in the lives of people topping themselves, in various manners, or being knocked off in others - all inter connected. If you're squeamish about dicks being cut off with gardening shears you'll cringe. If you're familiar with NEKROMANTIK and the director's other films you'll know what the fuck I'm talking about, but don't expect to see this down at your local viddie shop.

HEATHERS
Dated, but still unique in it's approach and handling of High School experiences. Wacko Mr Slater wants to take out a lot of lives and pulls of some cute suicide stunts. Ms Ryder although intrigued and very interested ain't so keen on the idea after the bodies start piling up and the church services become more of a habit. Teen angst with strip croquet, and highly recommended if only for.....

JACOB'S LADDER
You can't trust those yank boys, not one stinking bit y'know, they'll send you off to far away lands with piss pot helmets and half a round of plastacine.
Far from being just another Vietnam movie, our man Jacob starts sweating after seeing monsters all over the place, not to mention freaky goings on down at the local party. Boiling down the structure reveals big government cover up concerning some seriously bad draw in the big far east shoot out, it's guinea pig city time and a tonic for the troops to make them newer improved killing machines.
The Ladder = bad trips, dead buddies and some seriously wicked fucked up attitudes.
Just swell.



JFK
The people who don't know the truth concerning Kennedy's assassination are those who make a point of not wanting to know, so would 3 hours of cinematic coverage change that? Prob ably not, they're stupid bums.
Ollie's all stars stir up trouble to try and find the big truth and that is about it. Viewable it may be, but nothing new. Costner is a dick and Joe Pesci's wig should recieve an Oscar for it's performance. Interesting use of inter spliced real live action and footage with the melodrama.

KUFFS
Our man with the eyebrows takes over his bro's special kop district in 'Frisco and gets caught up in corruption, exploding cars and big crooks with guns. The script is a big fat non-entity in real terms and not even our main man can rescue that.
Slater! It ain't clever, it ain't big-so don't do it again.

NIKITA
Am I ever to be surrounded by clowns who think viewing one solitary garlic flick constitues culture vulture activity?
This wuz bollocks exceptfor the tres cool character Victor The Cleaner who knows how to have a good time with half a dozen bottles of acid, 3 corpses and a bath.
C'est la vie mon ami.
(NB: Hard of sight? You're well and truly flaked on this one 'cos the subtitles must have been typed by a dwarf on Venus)

PROSPERO'S BOOKS
They dug up Gielgud and spat him into THE TEMPEST. I shuffled around for 2 and a half hours watching this fucker. From Mr Peter Greenaway (A ZED AND TWO NOUGHTS, THE THIEF THE COOK..., DROWNING BY NUMBERS, etc) with well and truly cak hot visuals.

THE REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID
Yokel farmers on an isolated island live it up wallowing in the shit, downing homebrew and acting stupid. The goat in question is drying up so Pop is told to take it to the mainland for a seeing to, unfortunately they never make it and he ends up doing the honours instead. Thus, a mutie is born which seeks revenge and begins the reign of

terror on all except roly poly daughter who befriended it.
A first to show the usefulness of cooking lard as a sexual lubricant. File between BAD TASTE and STREET TRASH, pin back yer lugs and break out the 'brew!

RUSH
More kop kerplunk that's slower than a shit at 4AD. The day turned from light to dark when we viewed, and the action limped.
2 undercover kops are getting down and doing drugs to infiltrate some pushers, too bad they both get hooked but still manage to capture the bad guys near the finale. One baddie gets a free knee cap operation courtesy of a shotgun and the other blows away Mr Big. Jennifer Jason Leigh does nude again and I fell asleep.
Apart from the isolated trip scene this sure was a weak advertisement for drugs.

SURF NAZI'S
About as enjoyable as pissing pink shit! Avoid like yer life depended on it.

WIRED
John Belushi was a fat junkie joker who did things in ANIMAL HOUSE and THE BLUES BROTHERS. This is like a TV movie gone seriously wrong, his life, his drugs, up's downs and roundabouts. Whoever the fuck that actor was who played our hero should be shot at dawn. Read the book instead.

WE GIVE YOU LEEDS

THINKING OF A VISIT? HERE'S A SMALL SELECTION OF PLACES THAT MIGHT BE OF INTEREST. IS IT THE BAD CLICHE RIDDEN "SCENE" EVERYONE ONCE ASSUMED, OR THE UTOPIAN CARNIVAL EVERYONE ELSE ONCE CLAIMED?

THE SAVOY
Comic Store-New Briggate
A "beautifully" laid out emporium that boasts a delicious selection of all things to read be it comics, books, graphic novels, old music weeklies not to mention the strategically placed old porno section right in the far corner. Reminiscent of bathing in dirt and the proprieter is a sad, unhelpful buffoon who likes to swear constantly and eye up the customers. A very scary place to visit unless you get kicks watching the raincoat brigade spy up the top shelves.

DUCHESS OF YORK
Public House/Venue-Vicar Lane
I've lost count of the bands I've witnessed in this matchbox sized establishment, gigs happen here every goddam night, door price has increased, the bar staff become uglier and it's tighter than a night at *14 with Jon's modesty on full steam! Memorable shows were THE LEMONHEADS & SHUDDER TO THINK in 1990 and the eventful hair raising experience of THE VANDALS some months before (hello Brian and his combusting locks).

THE PHONO
Niteclub-Merrion Centre
Best time *1 was pulling here. Best time *2 was being refused entry on my 21st. We threatened the bozo bouncer brothers with all manner of unspeakable acts but to no avail. A difficult spot to gain entrance to, but once inside it's top Goth time and that's ideal for a fucking good laugh.

THE MUSIC FACTORY
Niteclub-Call Lane
Not content with making the punters crawl six million flights of stairs to the shindigs they show flower patterns on the walls.
"Alternative" music means the same music all the other "Alternative" clubs play-big knob!

JUMBO RECORDS
Record Store-St Johns Centre
A fine selection of high prices, only worth visiting if you're (a) loaded (b) checking out the sauce or (c) not subscribed to MRR, FLIPSIDE etc and want some zines.

CRASH RECORDS
Record Store-The Headrow/Merrion Centre
Same rules apply as above but omit the zine buying aspect and sauce.

RELICS
Second Hand Vinyl-New Briggate
RIGHT TRACK
Second Hand Vinyl-Merrion Centre
You have 2 options - high price collectable items who attract middle aged men in long coats buying ancient jazz recordings or lots of bad bananas that no-one ever buys. The latter might be more acceptable for the occassional strike it lucky bargain, or top yer parents and spend like a lunatic with the insurance money.

NAIL
Record Store-Call Lane
A recent(ish) addition that's more laid back and approachable. Still the shit, high prices that are enough to scare old grandma's, and domestic releases nearly identical to import prices. But a full noticeboard and even some comfy chairs to crash in.

BAD
Various Items-New Station Street
Goth Alert! Records, footwear, stickers, jewellery, shirts, dresses and all that baloney.

ADVERT FOR ADVENTURE

Essentially hip if you're dating a SISTER's fan or into that tie dyed attire. Music and reading basement is expanding and it's always fun to ask the assistant to order a make believe import.

KIRKGATE MARKET
Vicar Lane
Smart kettles of fish time if you want cheap vege's, 4 pairs of socks for a quid, ex-army clobber, or any other ropey old dopes. Occassional Arfur Daley type character with microphone on the hard sell ("Yes, it's genuine!"). The smart kids go on Thursday (2nd hand market) and my homebrew man resides here.

BEANO WHOLEFOODS
Food!-New Briggate
Probably choc' fulla' coatee looking losers and comfortably well of families buying their weekly stash of moose milk. "P.C." establishment for organic beard bearers who like to splash out more than what's necessary. Still handy dandy for immediate veggie/vegan nosh though.

MILLGARTH POLICE STATION
The Headrow
This is where all the hip kids say they've been but wish they never had. Crap vegan food (obviously) if you're unlucky to get clunk clicked and kops who don't have any friends.

THAT REFERRED STRICTLY TO CITY CENTRE LOCATIONS OR WE'D BE HERE ALL DAY. LOTS MORE TO INVESTIGATE AND AVOID. THE POSTAL ADDRESS AT CALL LANE IS NOT A HUGE PUNK SQUAT (AS LOTS OF PEOPLE ONCE THOUGHT) AND CHUMBAWAMBA SHOP AT DEBEHNAMS (NICE PAIR O' 501's).

LATE ENTRANT

SCHEERERS
Musical Instruments-Merrion Ctre
A worthy investigation if you fancy a chat with EMBITTERED's ex-drummer Jonathan. Watch in amazement as our hero sweats when asked to plug in all the pedals for a punter trying out a new guitar. He knows it all, he does.

YOU WILL NEED:
1 demijohn, 1kg sugar, 1l fresh orange juice, warm water, campden tablets, sterilizer, siphon tube, 'right on' fining gel, a chair.
WHAT TO DO:
Clean yr demi' thing with that white powder and rinse thoroughly with cold water. Pour in yr juice, chuck in the sugar, top up to gallon mark, add airlock, leave to bubble for what seems like eons. 6 weeks later fermentation ceases, add a crushed campden tab, and a few days later offload some finings to clear. Your hooligan soup wine is now ready to siphon into bottles (or yr gob if desperate). Wait for special occasion (any night or day will suffice), invite a friend round, drink until all gone, gibber like celibate loons and fall off chair.

YOU WILL NEED:
A field, sheep, grass, lots of organics, water, teabags, sugar, teapot, cup, and an open mind.
WHAT TO DO:
Walk for miles (or blag public transport, hassle someone with a car, etc) in the general direction yr mate said they picked bagfuls last year. Upon arriving at destination bend back 'til it aches like fuck whilst spying those kaleidiscope magi's. Go straight home after shutting the farmers gate. Boil up tea, add yr gear and leave for 10 minutes. Strain, sup, experience and wake up/come around/come down the following week.

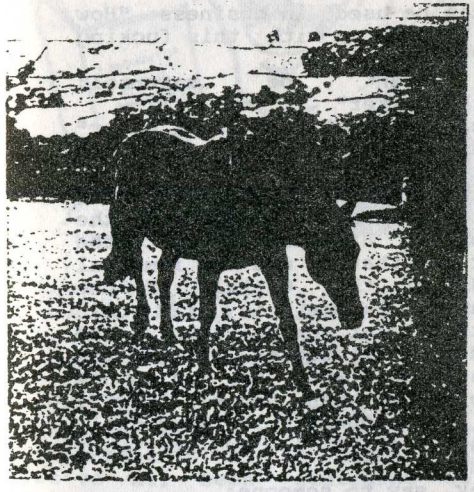
THEY'RE SNAPPIN'

MAKES YOU SMILEY

buzz like a YO YO

RIDE A COCK HORSE

Mr Mac was having a particulary bad day down at the stud farm, his prize mare wasn't at ease and resisting all efforts. Mr Mac's prize stallion looked on with sullen eyes and snorted into the bleak frozen air. Something definately had to be done.
All of a sudden Mr Mac had a bright idea, the light bulb appeared over his head and shattered instantly, such was the excellent idea it had been.
Bracing himself, he took the phallus and with rhythm began to work. It was not long before his prize animal had been relieved.
The mare now calm was all awonder as to Mr Mac's next action for she felt this object inside her.
Mr Mac wasn't enjoying this experience at all. Pushing his arm deep inside the orifice to release the semen was proving to be far too much for both him and the horse. The muscles contracted and Mr Mac suddenly felt great pain.
Later at the hospital after the nurse had set his broken arm in



plaster, Mr Mac inhaled deeply and thought intently as to what would be his new career.

WHEN ANDY MET VALERIE

Val shot twice, she shot twice 'cos she was bummed that he was a scumbag and hadn't chosen her work. Val wasn't concerned at all, she shot a friend of his too.
Both bullets were sure, straight through the lung and pancreas. Nearly 20 years later Andy was taken ill, the operation was a success but unfortunately his care officers weren't.
Andy didn't awake the next morning, like a true artist he had turned a fucking great shade of blue. There was a pulse and there was rigormortis which proceeded to set in.
Goodbye Mr Campbell Soup Can Man.

MR MALICIOUS

He sits all alone in his cumbersome armchair, surrounded by doom and gloom. He doesn't like anyone or anything,

FUCK YOU

Perhaps one of the most interesting and colourful words in the English language today is the word "FUCK". It is one magical word, which just by it's sound can describe pain, pleasure, love and hate. In

SO YOU WANNA HAVE FUN?

FOR WANT OF DISTRIBUTION | PO BOX 23 MIDDLESBROUGH CLEVELAND | TS1 4YZ UK

language "FUCK" falls into many grammatical ctagories. It can be used as a verb, both transitive (John fucked Mary) and intransitive passive verb (Mary doesn't really give a fuck); or an adverb (Mary is fucking interested in John), and as a noun (Mary is a terrific fuck). It can be used as an adjective (Mary is fucking beautiful). As you can see there are very few words with the versatility as "FUCK". Besides it's sexual connotations this incredible word can be used to describe many situations:

GREETINGS-"How the fuck are you?"
FRAUD-"I got fucked by the car dealer".
DISMAY-"Oh, fuck it".
TROUBLE-"Well I guess I'm fucked now".
AGGRESSION-"Fuck you".
DISGUST-"Fuck me".
CONFUSION-"What the fuck?".
DIFFICULTY-"I don't understand this fucking shit".
DESPAIR-"Fucked again".
INCOMPETENCE-"He fucked up everything".
DISPLEASURE-"What the fuck is going on here?"
LOST-"Where the fuck are we?"
DISBELIEF-"Unfucking believable".
RETALIATION-"Up your fucking ass"

It can be used in an anatomical description: "He's a fucking asshole".
It can be used to tell the time: "It's five fucking thirty".
It can be used in business: "How did I wind up with this fucking job?"
It can be maternal: "Motherfucker"
It can be political: "Fuck Major"
Never forget General Custer's last words: "Where did all those fucking Indians come from?", also the famous last words of the Mayor of Hiroshima: "What the fuck was that?", and the immortal words of the Captain of the Titanic: "Where is all this fucking water coming from?". The mind fairly boggles at all the uses of this word. How can anyone be offended when you say "FUCK"? Use it frequently in your daily speech, it will add to your prestige.
Today, say to someone:
"Fuck you".

ZOO A PLENTY

Put them in cages, lock the fuckers up and throwaway the keys, better still starve these obscene bastards close to death, make them suffer, torture genetalia, peel eyelids, skewer abdomen, just anything that results in equal misery.
Hate is when words cannot describe the mixture of emotions that congregate inside. All those fucking freaks that dare to tread the same path, scum sucking fuckers who choose to invade my life, dancing their webs of deceit. They ruin it all.
Round them up, violate them, make them fucking bleed rich red come, shoot them, flagilation, dismemberment - violence!
Put them in cages, lock the fuckers up, hate fuels the fires that will burn those deserving.
MRS P HALL OF WEST YORKSHIRE
MR P JONES OF TEESSIDE
COME ON DOWN MOTHERFUCKERS
YOUR TIME IS UP!

THE MIND IS A THING TO USE

The fables are almost true except someone missed out the most important vital ingrediant that we've all been searching for since day one.
John Smith may be the most commonly used name for a male of the species, but alter the letters, take some out, introduce a few new ones and the only thing that is left is a person you wish to see. He isn't John Smith anymore, a whole new identity has been created for him, a new beginning which he can then use to the best of his advantage, whether this being to overthrow the status quo or sexually harrasing women. John's new identity allows him to do this, he can no longer remember any past experiences, traits, emotions, feelings, characteristics or general behaviour, they're all gone - defunct.
His female counterpart Jane suffered the same fate and look at her now, lying in the gutter like a stinking piece of shit, offering her cheap sexual favours for anyone who wishes to oblige.
She unlike John though has managed to retain a slight notion of her past life and that is the biggest secret known to humanity. John asked for the secret but she refused. He continued his journey and arrived at the gate marked number 1. Jane however continues to languish in the streets shitpile. While John continues to wait at gate number 1 she can smile to herself, she after all may be shit but she's still someone. Poor old John is just a stupid, fucked up, drugged up loser who like all obediant animals continues to wait until his master's call for him.

THE UNDESIRABLES

During World War II when soldiers were on leave they were given a list of names belonging to local women of the particular area who were to be avoided. These women were classed as "undesirable aquaintances" by the Armed Forces heirachy. They were not to be approached or contacted with sexually for it was common knowledge something distinctly unpleasant would be caught if doing so.

ANDREW

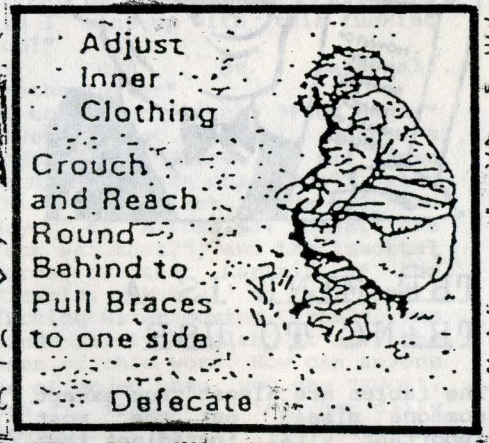
TRIVIA FACT
This punk shocker likes to throw up in attics, abuse customers in takeaway establishments and dance naked at gigs.

NAME
Andrew John Smith
AGE
24 years and 2 months
MARITAL STATUS
Single
EYE COLOUR
Green
HAIRSTYLE
Crew cut/Semi crew depends how often Lisa Roseanne cuts it. Slightly receding but no dreadlocks or spikes-individuality rules!
FAVOURITE PASTIME
Satanic rituals and exposing myself on No.725 buses.
MOST PERSONAL POSSESSION
My record player, tapes, records and test pressings.

DO YOU PREFER CHUMBAWAMBA OR VEGAN REICH?
CHUMBAWAMBA's first LP was a classic but since then they've gone rapidly downhill. Obviously they found out they could make a living out of the indie/student audience by playing bland, shallow drivel. As for VEGAN REICH I don't know much about them because I don't get MRR every month (I don't want to!) but they sound very similar to HA HA HARDLINE. I've actually started SOFTLINE where women have the choice over abortion, being a veggie is cool and where you can indulge in stimulant abuse, but remember if you drink too much you can fall down stairs and puke your guts up. Come back CAUSTIC FILTH all is forgiven!

SO YOU HAVE FAITH IN THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE SO MUCH SO THAT YOU ARE WILLING TO PLACE YOURSELF IN THEIR HANDS?
At the moment I'm on a NHS waiting list for a hernia operation. It's not a question of choice: (a) I need this operation and don't want to spend the rest of my life with a ruptured stomach and (b) like most others I can't afford to and wouldn't use private health care. The NHS is obviously underfunded and I'll find out more about it when I eventually go into hospital, I've been waiting 9 months for an operation so far! Health care is the most important thing in life, health treatment should be free to everyone everywhere.

WHAT MEDICAL OPERATION DO YOU THINK YOU WOULD MOST BENEFIT FROM?
A hernia operation.



WHY DO YOU THINK MEN (IN PARTICULAR) FANTASIZE ABOUT WOMEN IN UNIFORMS. HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN UNDER THIS SPELL?
Honestly I've never fantasized about women in uniforms, especially female traffic wardens, ha ha. God knows why some men (and possibly women too) like uniforms, it does nothing for me.

WHAT IS THE MOST MEMORABLE/AMAZING/FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE YOU'VE EVER HAD ANY REGRETS OR WOULD YOU LIKE IT REPEATED?
Experiences, probably too early to say because I've possibly got another 50 years ahead of me with a bit of luck. Like everyone I've had good and bad times. Most sad and depressing times were when my Gran and Auntie died, possibly my closest friends, there's still a void in my life which will never be filled.
Good times-loads, travelling to different places and meeting different people, seeing great bands play, having really deep conversations with people you can trust and care about.
Regrets-I've had a few, but then again too many to mention. Things repeated, erm....MIDDLESBROUGH 1 NEWCASTLE UNITED 3 and SUNDERLAND 1 NEWCASTLE UNITED 2 ha ha.

WHY DO YOU PRODUCE A ZINE (PLEASE REFRAIN FROM USING THE EXCUSES "I WAS BORED" OR "I WANTED TO BE MORE INVOLVED IN THE SCENE")?
I started PUNK SHOCKER in 1989, the reason for starting was after seeing MONEY STINKS (by Steve 666 and a half), I like it and thought "I can do that", and that's just what I did. Other reasons for starting were that I wanted to interview more unknown bands, ask more interesting questions, say and do something a little different. I reckon the zine's got better as time has passed with all the issue's. *1 and *2 are probably collector's item's by now kids! *4 will be more of a reflection of me-punk rock, pub reviews, football which everyone should be into if you ask me! As for boredom, I'm never bored because there's always something to do and too little time in which to do it. I couldn't be like all the other braindead wallies with nowt to do or say but just rot in front of the tv watching bland, boring safe soap opera's who talk about the characters if they were real people.
As for the "scene", I don't think anyone wants to know you unless you're "in a band". You don't even have to be original or be able to play, but you'll end up with tours and a few releases under your studded belts. I don't think there are many good zines-BANTHA FODDER, HAGL/ALL THE RAVE, T.F.Y. are good, oh yes and the legendary DINGO, things are just too darn stagnant.

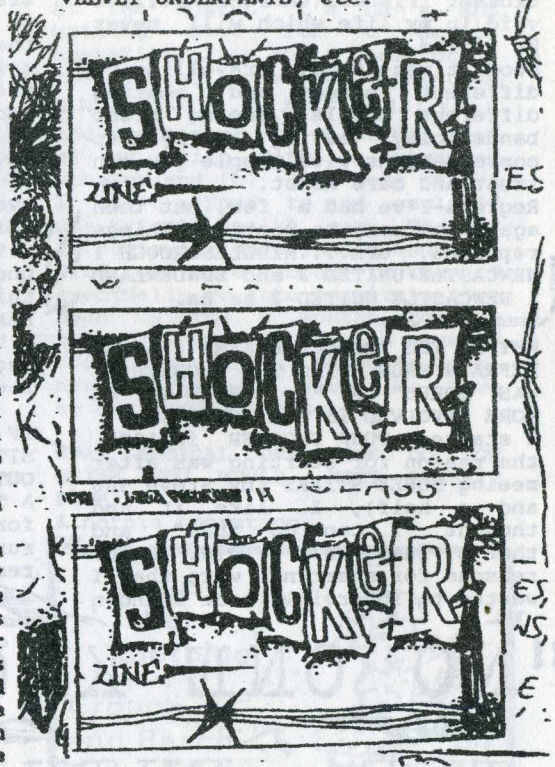
IF YOU HAD "VISION" WHAT SITUATION WOULD SCARE THE FUCK OUT OF YOU?
A Tory government who would rule forever, SKY TV, Rupert Murdoch running all the media, the resurrection of Thatcher, the

"NO ONE KNOWS WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS SO THERE'S NO POINT WORRYING ABOUT IT"

growth of the BNP, expensive cider and Sunderland getting to the F.A. Cup Final again. I dunno...I can only see 3 days in advance and even then my plans usually fall drastically apart. It's better than being totally organised doing exactly the same thing week in week out. Personal fears are dying young and being kicked to bits but no one knows what the future holds so there's no point in worrying about it.

ARE YOU SCARED (WHY WORK, LIVE WITH YOUR PARENTS, STAY IN THE NORTH) OR JUST PLUM CRAZY?
Why not! I live at home and work because I want to, I don't have to follow the anarcho punk way of life, I do what I want (as long as I'm not harming anyone). I've thought about leaving home a few times but I like where I live and I'm happy at home. Sacriston is an old mining village (the pit closed after the miners strike in 84/5), it's 3 miles from Durham with plenty of countryside except for the open cast site that Nicholas "Twat" Ridley decided to open. I get on quite well with my mam and sister and very well with fatha, similar tastes in comedy, football, can of ale and even music at times. Durham is pretty crap, full of trendies and the local 'alternative' (ha) pub is full of LEVELLERS fans (or whoever NME recommended this week). Newcastle and Gateshead are just up the road and are pretty active, Darlington, Newton Aycliffe and Middlesbrough are nearby too. Work is ok, I don't particulary do much which suits me. There's some cool people and there are some idiots the same everywhere really. Obviously things will change but I'm quite content at present.

POISON IDEA SPLIT UP-HOW DO YOU COPE UPON HEARING THIS> IF PUNK ROCK NEVER EXISTED WHO WOULD ANDREW SMITH BE, AND WHY?
It'd be a sad day if POISON IDEA split up but I think there's more chance of them dying from being overweight alcoholics. They are the main punk rock n' roll band-they've the power, aggression, tunes, excellent lyrics and attitude that blows you away. I wouldn't like to live the same lifestyle as them, they're too negative for me, I mean one of Jerry A's first lyrics was: "The things I do and say are wrong, I won't be doing them very long". There are plenty of other cracking bands around-BASTARD, WARHEAD, CRUCK, SUBSTANDARD, LEATHERFACE, ANTI-CIMEX, AOS3, VELVET UNDERPANTS, etc.



If punk rock had never existed then I would have invented it, I would've been Sid Vicious or Darby Crash, I was just born a few years too late. I do listen to other music, early rock n' roll, a lot of reggae and ska bands (THE SELECTER were the best band I saw last year) some popular stuff like BIG COUNTRY, UB40, MADNESS etc. WIthout punk rock?, hmm.....good question, I'd probably still have strong left wing views, still live at home, drink cider, go down the football and I'd probably do a footie zine or something like that. I'd definately be doing something constructive with my time.

IS ANDREW SMITH YOUR REAL NAME? WHO ARE YOU?
No it's Andrew John Smith, ha ha! It's a good name, I like it and that's all that counts. It's better than Triston Ponceby Price. I'm enigmatic, rugged, sexy, intelligent. cynical honest, charming, polite, happy and modest with it! I'm a model citizen I suppose (OR A BIG FAT FIBBER-ED) ha ha!

GIVEN THE CHOICE
YOU WOULD HAVE SEX WITH WHO?
YOU HATE WHO?
YOU RESPECT WHO?
YOU ARE JEALOUS OF WHO?

Well if I was politically correct I'd probably say "what kind of a question is that?" but I'M NOT! Quite a few "hot chicks" at work but most are already married and not into adultery. I've never been keen on punk lasses, more of

a "Sharon & Tracy" man I suppose. I'd most like to have sex with the actress Melanie Griffith.

Hate-quite a lot of people because I'm a bit of a misanthropist at times. Erm...racists and nazi's, conservatives, pretentious gits, goths, NME and MELODY MAKER readers, holier than thou types, people who always use irritating phrases like "Sad man" or "Get a life", burglers and thieves who steal off ordinary working class folk, top business money grabbers, the royal family, Sun and Star and Express readers, Gary Bushell, John Hall, sheep like followers-is that enough for you!

Respect-people I know well, trust and love and I can call my friends-I don't have to compile a list all these people should know who they are, a pity there are so few in a world of millions.

Jealous-No one at all, I'm happy with my life.

ANDY PUNK SHOCKER produces the shocking punk fanzine "PUNK SHOCKER" which is a cracking sound insight into punk rock indeed, always chocca with intelligent bands, reviews, articles, not to mention dodgy humour. Send 20p for the latest issue and scribe a nice letter.
ANDY PUNK SHOCKER-8 CROSS LANE, SACRISTON, DURHAM, DH7 6DD, UK.

As of typing this Andy has still not undergone his badly needed hernia operation (but this doesn't stop him acting the fucking fool!).

LATE REVIEWS

Up and running first is PASCAL and their "Collection Of Destroyed Brains" Cassette LP, suprisingly listenable techno death metal, Old Nick must have been on vacation and the full colour packaging is fun. I guess $6ppd should do it for 40 minutes of music: MARIUSZ KOSMALA, UL. JAGIELLONSKA, 19/13 o5-120 LEGIONOWO, POLAND. More compilation madness with AWAKE REALITY a 27 track, 90 minute sampler of new or recent offerings from CONCRETE SOX, DISAFFECT, HAYWIRE, CORPUS VILE, WORM, UNCLE Q, P.U.S., SICK OF SOCIETY and the rather gloomy HYBERNOID. All applause to Michelle who's released it. £1.50ppd: COLLISION PRODUCTIONS, 56 HOLDEN LEA, WINGATES, WESTHOUGHTEN, BOLTON, LANCS, BL5

I got sent a 7" by yank band DIRT DON'T HURT, they're proclaiming "emo" and that sums up this double tracker. Comes with lyrics, thoughts and a reminiscent all round nice attitude. $5ppd: MOONSHINE RECORDS, PO BOX 3727, WASHINGTON (suprise, suprise) DC, 20007-0227, USA. Some faceless beard sent me an advance tape of the BUGEYED: "Murder & Confusion" LP. I nearly tripped the light fantastic whilst dancing on my cosmic hearse with freaks to guide me. Rupert Bear came too! Dischordant screeching like PVC did with the 'FLAG. Write to WORDS OF WARNING

BREAK OUT THE (RAZOR) BLADES

What is life all about and why are we here? Life doesn't seem to be something enjoyed by most people on a whole, everybody has good times and bad times. I'm not going to say life isn't worth living because it many ways it is, and people do undoubtedly have a fear of dying, so that must mean something?

But our lives should be made so much better if only we did pull together and start learning from one another.

There's a lot of things in life which I personally en joy and love, but I can't put my hand on my heart and say I'm really happy. i don't know what the future holds and I'm not sure whether that's a good or bad thing. i suppose a lot of people in my age group are considering or are married -and maybe something like that is missing from my life, ie: security?

I can't really make my mind up as to whether I am lonely or whether i don't really need people to be that close to me, I'm basically confused? While all of this confusion remains, life still goes on, the wheels keep on turning.

At this point i start to wonder whether there are people in the same position as me, people for example in their 50's or 60's with something missing from their lives, who have little or no chance of achieving personal happiness.

Luckily I do have time on my side.

by SCOTT.....(somewhere)

What infuriates me the most regarding the above piece is the whole negative, self pity approach Scott views life, this selfish downward spiral cliche. When you've lost something or someone, come back to me, that's when you'll appreciate life a lot more. Take for granted your self styled miserable existence and think about it long and hard. Without giving long winded speeches "life" is what you make it. Fuck this-sort it out-I don't need it.

"DUHHH" *2 out mid '93-get involved now before it's too late!